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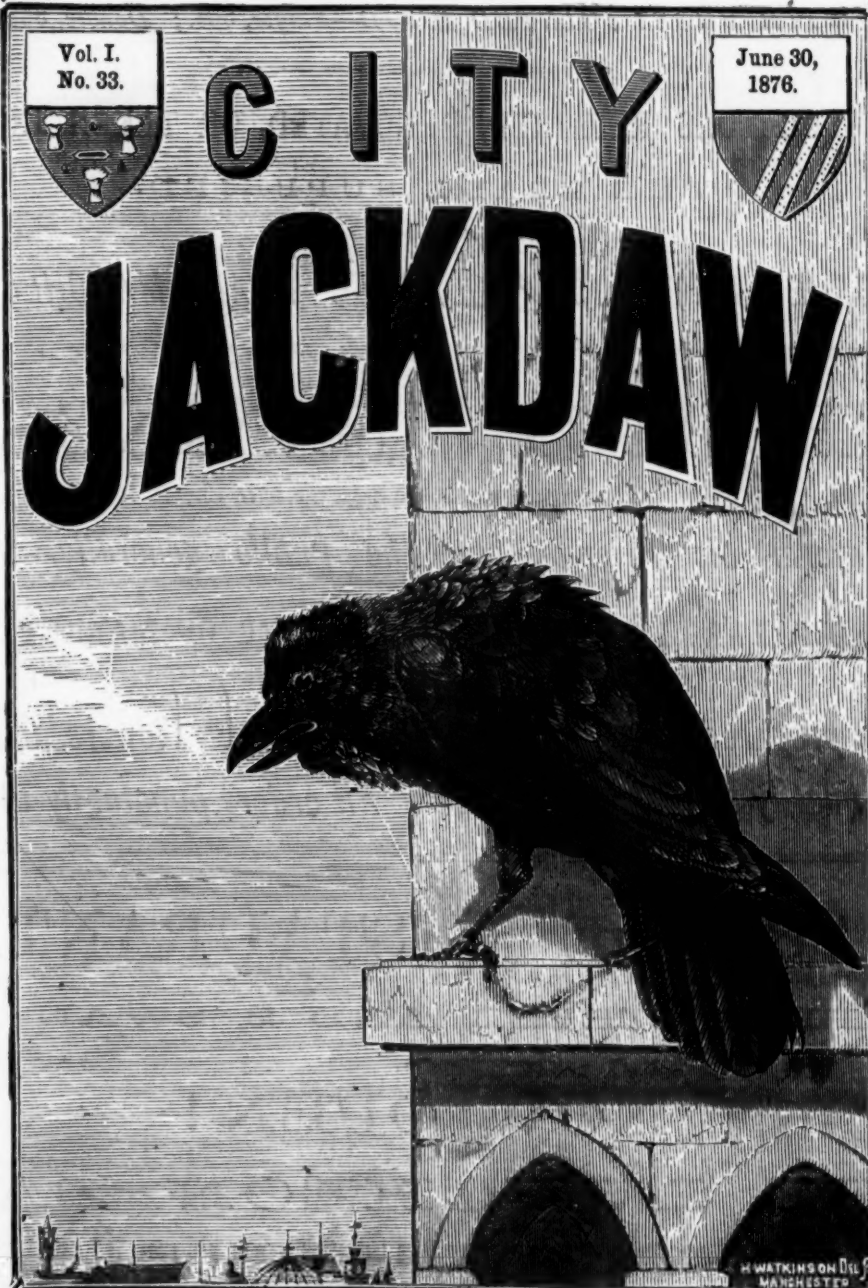
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 33.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THEATRICAL FAVOURITES.

MR. G. OSMOND TEARLE.

IN former days Manchester was a school which produced good actors, and which cherished them when we had got them. Old playgoers still talk with pleasure of the palmy days of the Royal, which trained and hived off young actors to fight their way to success and fame in metropolitan theatres. Of late years the conditions of theatrical life have passed through rapid transformations. The "starring" system which worked people off their legs, to say nothing of their heads, at rehearsals in getting up "the business" which wandering "Hamlets" and "Othellos" had chosen to invent for the illustration of their particular style of performances, has been succeeded by a system of travelling companies, which has its advantage in introducing to us many novelties, but strikes altogether at the possibility of maintaining good resident companies, and is gradually debasing the stage as a training school. The sort of home life which was so enjoyable in former theatrical days—in which we enjoyed a certain amount of friendship with the familiar faces we saw once or twice a week when we went to see the play—has been entirely broken up. This result is, we think, very regrettable alike in the interest of artistes and of the public, and leads to a sort of hand-to-mouth arrangement at our theatres, which brings them next door to the music-hall. Since the adoption of the Theatre Royal by a new company, a commendable attempt has been made to restore the old friendly relations between the audience and the stage. The nucleus of a stock company has been formed, and the names of favourite actors who dwell among us are again getting to be known as household words. It is a happy circumstance in the incipient stages of such a feeling that the leading place in the resident stock company should have fallen to a young actor who exhibits remarkable promise, and whose nightly efforts to amuse and entertain are evidently sustained by a more serious purpose of illustrating his author in the spirit of a student, and by a legitimate ambition to win a front place in his profession. Mr. G. Osmond Tearle was described in our columns, a few weeks ago, as after Kendal—the most attractive young man of his day. He has been engaged during the past month in playing the parts which, in the last days of the old Haymarket Company, were identified with Kendal's name. Mr. Tearle has stood the inevitable comparison very bravely.

No young actor, in our recollection, has made in Manchester so rapidly an impression on the playgoing public of a kind which seems likely to be lasting. On Tuesday evening his reception by the crowded house which had assembled in the heat of the dog-days to do honour to Compton, was almost as enthusiastic as that which was accorded to the favourite comedian himself, to the debutante of the evening, Miss Compton, or to the Chippendales. The compliment dear to an actor's heart of a hearty cheer, when he emerges from the wings, is the nightly tribute paid to Mr. Tearle. We are therefore justified in supposing that he is winning his way to that recognised and established position in the favour of audiences, founded on personal liking and instinctive appreciation of talent and industry which is unaffected by criticism. It may therefore be interesting to those of our readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of Mr. Tearle to give some sketch of his style and of his career. To begin with, he has the indispensable attributes of a good leading actor in a bright, intelligent, expressive face, and a tolerably handsome figure. To these advantages constant practice has added considerable self-possession, an

easy and graceful carriage on the stage, patience, and readiness of resort. That he approaches the study of a character with intelligence, and a desire to get at its heart, and that for the most part he succeeds in getting a firm and comprehensive grasp of it, we think we are also justified in affirming. His by-play, though not obtrusive, and not so much a part of himself as the constant, quiet, expressive play of feature—which in the genuine acting of Mr. Chippendale, for example, illustrates every clause and word of every sentence he utters, and reflects the emotion induced by not only what is addressed to him, but all that takes place on the stage within the range of his vision and hearing—is nevertheless expressive and telling. In using as a standard so complete and admirable an actor as Chippendale—the ripest and mellowest of a generation of true men, who by close study, hard practice, and consummate art, have learned, not to copy, but to present Nature on the stage—we pay Mr. Tearle the highest compliment of which we can think; and if he suffers by the comparison, as he must, it is that he is a young man at the dawn of his career, while Mr. Chippendale is now, alas! becoming an old one. Mr. Tearle has been blamed for self-consciousness, and the criticism in a sense is just. There are a fidgety impulsiveness, an occasional lapse into hurry, or even a rush into boisterousness, which mar some of his best performances, and cause that vague feeling of uneasiness and doubt in the minds of his audience which a finished actor never permits. Probably this arises from some nervousness on the part of a young man who is playing, if not absolutely new, still unfamiliar parts; and it should also be remembered that his very desire to do the best possible, when exhibited alongside the even commonplace, that animates the other actors with whom he plays—especially those older men who have fallen into their assigned run—to do fairly, is apt to be construed as a tendency to overdo. For it must be remembered that Mr. Tearle is yet only twenty-five years old, and has not yet decided, nor can any one decide for him, in what particular direction his talent may specially find its proper outcome. It is not even certain whether he may shine most as a tragedian or a comedian. Of his appearance in tragedy we in Manchester know nothing, but we have heard that in Liverpool he played *Hamlet* for three weeks at a run to crowded houses, at the Rotundo, an uncommon triumph for a young man of four and twenty—even in a part in which it is said no competent actor has ever failed—since it is said to be the longest run of the piece out of London.

Mr. Tearle entered in his profession at the early age of seventeen, when he played *Guilkenstern*, at the Adelphi, to Miss Adelaide Ross's *Hamlet*. Since then he has been almost constantly on the stage, and in his time, brief as it has been, he has played many parts. To this hard, unceasing training, while the mind is yet plastic and capable of quick study, he doubtless owes the measure of success he has attained. For about a year longer, after his first appearance, Mr. Tearle toiled on in the obscure paths of his profession, playing minor parts in travelling companies which visited such towns as Wigan, Keswick, Coatbridge, and Portsmouth. After this twelve-months' probation he returned to Liverpool, where, for the first time, he met Barry Sullivan, who, recognising his budding merit, took to him kindly—a special compliment in the case of that somewhat testy and choleric tragedian. In Liverpool he played *Horatio* to Sullivan's *Hamlet*—*Gaspar* in the "*Lady of Lyons*," and the *King* in "*Richelieu*"—a decided advance in his profession. His engagement in Liverpool was continued for two years, and during that time he played in three several engagements with Sullivan, and also with Miss Bateman, Madame Celeste, Miss Marriott, and other stars. His *Ivanhoe* played to Miss Marriott's *Rebecca*, in a cast which does not appear to have been otherwise very

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strong, obtained encouraging recognition from the Liverpool press, and especially from the *Post*, which then, as now, had enjoyed a reputation for the excellence and soundness of its dramatic criticism, and its special penetration in distinguishing, and genial kindness in helping, young actors. Shortly afterwards, impelled by the wandering instinct which is peculiar to actors and sailors, Mr. Tearle went to Warrington to join Brinsley Sheridan's Company, and here he diversified his melodramatic and humorous essays by occasional readings from "Hamlet," which brought him into so much favour that he received a "request" to play the piece. Play it he did in a manner which the Warringtonians pronounced a success, and from that time till he terminated his engagement there, in the autumn of 1872, he took the leading parts at the Warrington theatre, and was the god of the local Amateur Dramatic Society's special idolatry, testified when he parted from them by the presentation of a signet-ring. During the winter months he fulfilled a leading engagement at Aberdeen, playing *Macduff* and *Laertes* to the *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* of Mr. Talbot—a Scottish star, who somehow, owing probably to his cold manner, has never obtained the popular recognition which his gentleman-like and scholarly representations of some Shakspearean characters appears to us to deserve. In the absence of "stars," Mr. Tearle was cock of the walk in the granite city, and seems to have played a great variety of characters—including *Ham* in "Little Em'ly" (his *Ham* was shoppily described by the *Era* as "excellent in all respects"), *Lieutenant Linden* in "Blow for Blow," the *O'Mahoney* in "Erin go Bragh," *Nigel* in "King o' Scots," *Manrico* in "Dioioletta," *Belphegor*, *Hardress Cregan*, *Christian* in "The Bells," *Geordie Robertson* in "Jeannie Deans," *Faljean* in "Les Miserables," *Ingomar*, *Captain Absolute*, *Hamlet* on several occasions, the *Ghost* to Barry Sullivan's *Hamlet*, and so forth. From Aberdeen he passed to Belfast for a short engagement, playing the round of characters in which he has hit the popular taste in Manchester—such as *Jack Absolute*, *Charles Surface*, and *Dick Dowlas* in the "Heir at Law," *Young Marlow* in Goldsmith's comedy. He afterwards visited Glasgow, Dundee, and other Scotch towns, on short engagements; and in July, 1872, made his first appearance in Manchester, at the Queen's Theatre, where he seems to have been overlooked or ignored by the newspapers. The comedy company which was then engaged in Bridge Street was only pale moonlight to the sun of Ristori's strength, which shone in its meridian on the alternate nights. Afterwards Mr. Tearle was stock leading gentleman at Greenock for eight or nine months; and at Belfast he occupied the same position for about the same length of time. Since then his rise in the profession has been rapid, and he has played with success at the Gaiety Theatre, London, with Mr. Jefferson, in a long engagement; at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester; and the best theatres in other important provincial towns. The criticism of his performances was generally laudatory, but sometimes rather equivocal, as when, for example, a Scotch newspaper said that as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" "he was a perfect demon." Here is a humorous description of his success in *Mercutio*, taken from a Belfast paper: "Mr. Tearle, who has won rapidly on the Belfast people, played *Mercutio* so as to be called before the curtain three times. The last time was after his death, and he manifested a considerable and praiseworthy reluctance to appear before the ladies under such grave circumstances. The gods and other people would have it so, however, and the dead man had to show in his own shape."

BOLTON GUARDIANS AND THE "CITY JACKDAW" ARTICLE AFFECTING CHARACTER OF MR. ROSTRON.

THE statements in the article which appeared in the *City Jackdaw* of June 23rd, so far as they relate to Mr. Rostrom, we find are untrue. Mr. Rostrom was not the member of the Bolton Board of Guardians who made use of the expressions referred to in such article. The Editor and Publisher of the *City Jackdaw* hereby tender to Mr. Rostrom their sincere apologies for the pain and annoyance which such article has caused him and his friends.

THE GOOSEBERRY.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

IT was a monstrous gooseberry—
T'was very large—I know not why
Enormous gooseberries should grow
When news is slack, and times are slow.

'Twould seem to be a kind of fruit
That grows enormous, times to suit;
On it a correspondent pounces,
And finds it weighs just seven ounces.

And then a paragraph he writes,
Which its dimensions large recites;
The fruit, says he, is now on view—
And names the garden where it grew.

It must be Providence that sent
That gooseberry, with this intent—
That some one still, though news is slack,
Should earn the means to get a snack.

It is a providential fact
That Nature thus is taught to act;
Reporters groan for lack of tin—
The gooseberries to swell begin.

And so a host of writers cull
A livelihood when times are dull;
When nothing certain's to the fore,
The papers gossip all the more.

In Italy, a correspondent
Begins to feel a bit despondent;
Says he, with this I cannot cope,
I'll—yes, I will—I'll kill the Pope.

And so he telegraphs all round,
Next day the contradiction's found,
And underneath the contribution
"In Turkey there's a revolution."

The Eastern Question now is worth
The biggest gooseberry on earth;
A gooseberry, however big,
Would now be voted *infelix dig*.

From Servia now the rumour comes
Of warlike march, and fife and drums;
'Tis confidently stated that
The Turks are in rebellion flat.

Another correspondent next
Exhorts upon the selfsame text;
The warlike preparations cease—
There's every prospect now of peace.

The Powers are of one mind agreed—
The prospect's serious indeed;
Now war is certain, peace secure,
'Tis peace, 'tis war, each writer's sure.

Each has some certain information
From persons of the highest station,
On good authority, says one,
The troubles have but just begun.

On good authority I know,
Another says, that things will go
Quite smoothly now, it's all serene,
A secret treaty there has been.

And thus before one's eye extends
A string of news that never ends;
And yet, for all this wild averring,
There's actually nothing stirring.

All foreign news we now regard
As lying paid for by the yard;
The Eastern Question as a myth,
A figment fashioned out of pith.

And even with suspicion now
A gooseberry I'd greet, I vow,
Of more than ordinary size,
Unless I saw it with my eyes.

To such a pass we soon shall come,
This long discourse to briefly sum—
That all mankind will be agreed
They won't believe a word they read.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE manner in which the Bishop of Manchester attempts occasionally to reconcile the irreconcilable to his admirers—of whom we sincerely profess ourselves one—is very puzzling. For example, what are we to make of the following statement, in which the Bishop, after expressing his "great dread" of the Confessional, states that he has sanctioned its use. Preaching at the Royal Chapel in the Savoy, on Sunday, he is reported by the *Manchester Guardian* to have said: "No one had a greater dread of the Confessional than he had, although he had no experience of its working; but he judged of it, as he supposed every one did, by its results. And yet, when one of the most earnest and gifted of the clergy in his diocese came to him the other day and told him that he found confession the greatest instrument he could use to keep young men pure, would they have had him forbid its use? At any rate he did not do so, but he warned the clergyman of its dangers, and he besought him to warn others." We do not stop to inquire who "one of the most earnest and gifted of the clergy in his lordship's diocese" may be, though other recent articles which have appeared in the *Jackdaw*, some of our readers may perhaps hazard a guess. But surely at the present day a Bishop of the Reformed Church of England has had time to make up his mind whether the Confessional is good or bad. If good, why regard it with "dread"? If bad, why give it an Episcopal benediction?

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

HAVING acquired, by a study of the instruction already given, a measure of facility in making poetry, the poet may go on to the use of images, metaphors, and similes, which belong to the higher and more imaginative branch of poetry. The word "image," I use to represent some idea which pervades the poet's soul at the time of writing, and which he is moved to set down in more or less intelligible lines upon paper. In fact, this branch of the art of poetry consists chiefly in allowing the imagination to roam as near the bounds of unintelligibility as circumstances will permit. It will be found, as a rule, that blank verse is most suited for this style of writing, as the poet has more space at command, and is not trammelled by any necessity for rhyming. The following fragment is a good example:—

There is a time when Nature seems to woo
Her children with a whisper of content;
The air is full of dreams of long ago,
Of phantom mysteries, ecstatic charms,
That beckon to the soul, and bid it soar.
Come forth, oh spirit! wheresoe'er thou be,
Whether enlapt in circumambient fluids,
Or lurking steadfast in a hid recess,
Come forth, I say, and leave the sordid clay
To commune soulless with the clods from which
Thou sprangst not, like itself.

There are some fine images here which make it evident that that poet has got something on his mind, though it is difficult to say exactly what he is driving at; still the quotation might be a scrap from an excellent imaginative poem. Descending from these heights, to which, after all, it is not given to every aspirant to soar, I will give just one practical lesson in the use of similes or metaphors, which are always useful when the poet is hard up for anything fresh to say about his subject, whatever it may be. The commonest and simplest example is, of course, the description or glorification of some young woman. The female sex has been bountifully sent on earth in order thus to provide a refuge for destitute or incapable poets. There are so many points about a woman, you see—her hair, eyes, nose, and mouth, her toes, her ankles, her waist, her figure generally, her temper, and disposition; moreover, her tongue,

her bonnet, and a thousand other attributes. All these come to the poet's aid, and lead him to study the sex as a natural manual to versification and poet's assistant. If the poet is not acquainted with a suitable young woman, he can usually invent one. This has been the practice of poets from Solomon and Homer downwards. Moreover, the imaginary heroine offers an advantage over actual flesh and blood, in this respect, that the poet can write without the fear of contradiction before his eyes, so long as he is not extravagantly unnatural. Here is the first verse:—

ANNIE.

My Annie's eyes are large and round.

Now, this is too abrupt, and besides it is bad taste to imagine Perfection with eyes like tennis balls. So the poet begins again—

The drooping lash as vainly veils
The sparkle of my Annie's eye.

Now, "eye" rhymes with "sky" that is evident; but for "veil" there is no available rhyme, as I point out; but "sky" suggests "clouds," which rhymes with "shrouds," as follows:—

The drooping lash as vainly shrouds
The sparkle of my Annie's eye,
As any quantity of clouds
Could blot the sun from out the sky.

This would not be a very complimentary metaphor if carried any further, and is clumsy enough, but it must pass—

Like drifted dunes of summer sands,
The ripple of her golden hair.

After this beautiful attempt, the poet breaks down altogether, and decides to put off finishing that verse until he has done something with the toes and ankles; but, in the meantime, all the available space has been consumed.

MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS AT THE HYDE PARK REVIEW.

THE review of volunteers at Hyde Park, on Saturday evening, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, promises to be a brilliant affair, and it will certainly be the largest which has taken place since the establishment of the force. Manchester will be represented by its three regiments of rifles, and it is to be hoped that, notwithstanding the provocation they have received, the Second Manchester will not cut short the career of the junior member for Salford. There are disquieting rumours abroad on this subject. The Second Manchester, it will be remembered, distinguished itself at the Easter Monday review at Tring, and was highly complimented by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimer, who was in command. The bold Major of the Twentieth Middlesex—our friend Major Charley, M.P. for Salford—did not get any praise on the occasion; but he had his revenge, for, on the following Wednesday, we read in the *Courier* that "the Twentieth Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, which checked the advance and ultimately expelled the attack of the Second Manchester in the sham fight at Tring, was commanded by Major Charley, M.P. for Salford." That Major Charley commanded the skeleton battalion in question is no doubt true, but the special correspondent of the *Jackdaw* failed to see him on the high ground near Tring; in fact, the gallant Major was not visible to the naked eye, and even Aronsberg's fine field-glass was not equal to the task of discovering him. We understand that Major Harry Statham, on behalf of the right half battalion of the Second, which made the onslaught on Major Charley's position at Tring, has sent a challenge to Major Charley, and has informed him that the Second mean "to have it out with them at Hyde Park." There is something portentous in these words. A set-to will be a good after-piece to the review proper. We hope that no harm will befall the gallant representative of Salford, who ought by this time to know something of "Lancashire lads," who have been chagrined by being told they were beaten when they were not; and we should advise Major Charley to keep himself and his men well under cover after the review—or, better still, to run away.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Bishop of Manchester, on being asked by an Aneats cobbler, advised him that confession was good for the sole.

That the Dean of Manchester imbibed his horror of Nonconformity very early, as his father was a Dissenter.

That the Dean always displays most charitable views when he gets into St. John the Baptist's pulpit, to show that he is a Hulme-manitarian.

That the Dean has such a love for Dissenters that he would like to bury them all free—even in consecrated ground, if it kept them quiet.

That the attention of Captain Palin has been called to the rabid state of the Dean, and his dog-matism is to be muzzled.

That some of the Dean's admirers call it cur-rage.

That the Dean's salad on next Friday, when he fasts, will probably be leek with *Examiner* and *Times* dressing.

That the Americans in Manchester are going to celebrate "Independence Day" by closing their places of business—because trade is so dull.

That the Editor of the *American News* will blow himself up on the occasion with an empty gunpowder barrel.

That the Grammar School boys were instructed to go to the town's meeting at the Town Hall, last week, to pick up Mr. Croston's H's.

That when they were afterwards asked who sent them, they replied, "Walker!"

That an old German proposed a vote of tanks to the Chairman of the Aquarium Company.

That Father Gadd has warned the Bishop of Salford that should he attend any more meetings of the Dean and Chapter, at the Manchester Cathedral, he will be suspected of denying the grace of his own ordination, and recognising the spurious claims of the false teachers in the Establishment.

That a Romish priest recently imported to the diocese of Salford from a parish in the South of Scotland, where he was unpopular, declares he wouldn't exchange pulpits with the Dean of Manchester on any account.

That at the luncheon following the speech day at Owens College, last Friday, Mr. Oliver Heywood, Mr. Thomas Ashton, and Mr. Steinthal delighted the company with the trio, "When we were boys together," Mr. Heywood leading off in a "childish treble."

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.

TUESDAY next will be a great day in the annals of Manchester, as our Yankee friends are going to celebrate "Independence Day" in a most unique way. They are so proud of the country that can lick creation, that they are going to show to Britishers a few of their institutions. All the male resident Yankees are going to meet in front of the Manchester Infirmary, in the morning, where the National Anthem of America—"Yankee Doodle"—will be sung. Each Yankee will be expected to carry a revolver and a bowie-knife; and Yankees who haven't courage to do that are to be allowed to have short sticks to whittle—so as to keep their hands in. New white tiles are to be the order of the day, and side-suspenders are to be allowed. The Yankees will then "procession" the principal streets in the town, and call at the Manchester Exchange, where one of their number will deliver an oration setting forth some of the glories of Ameriky—whiskey rigs, nest feathering, official corruption, etc. We are told on the authority of our valued friend, the editor of the *American News*, that the concluding sentence will be as follows: "I calculate you Britishers will hide your tarnation heads, and consider yourselves chawed up when you think of that almighty nation—the U-nited States—which sets an example to creation in trade, commerce, and in bribery and corruption, it does."

ATMOSPHERIC HEALTH.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

THERE is nothing I find so consoling to me
As a regular downpour of rain,
It suggests for my ailments excuses, you see,
As it will not be hard to explain.
For when, out of sorts and dejected, I feel
That I've got to the end of my tether,
I reflect, with a joy I can scarcely conceal,
"After all it is only the weather."

But then, should the weather be sunny and fine,
I'm inclined to be awfully jolly—
A fact which, however, but makes me repine,
And give way to dark thoughts melancholy;
For although I am conscious of health in my frame,
And my heart is as light as a feather,
There's something within me which makes me exclaim,
"After all it is only the weather."

So although to the fact I can never be blind—
That for me a fine day is a tonic—
There's something within me to always remind
That the ills which oppress me are chronic.
And thus to the elements I shall be game,
Till I pass from the stage altogether;
My cry upon every occasion the same,
"After all it is only the weather."

THE MILLENIUM AT LAST.

THE Bishop of Lincoln, under the title of "Irenicum Wesleyanum," has just issued some proposals for union, which he had made to some leading Wesleyan Methodists at an amicable interview arranged by a former president of the Wesleyan conference. Of course, nothing has been definitely fixed upon as to how and when the Wesleyans are to join the Church in union, but there cannot be a doubt that the very suggestion points to the fact that we are approaching "the millenium at last." Only a few days ago the Presbyterian churches agreed to sink their differences and become one church; and, we understand, the peaceful spirit of union is progressing most successfully even in the diocese of Manchester. We learn on the most creditable authority, for instance, that the Bishop of Manchester has just issued a series of proposals in which he suggests that the members of the Church of Rome might, perhaps, see their way clear to joining the Church of England—through the great Ritualistic revival which is now taking place. The president of the Quakers is not wanting in sympathy with the movement, and has just ordered that a

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deputation of Friends should wait upon the Shakers, with the view to impressing upon them their duty in this matter. The only difficulty which appears to loom in the distance to mar this approaching millenium is "the loaves and fishes" view, on which the Unitarians are likely to take up their position.

KITTY BINKS.

WHEN clouds of gloom appear o'erhead,
And hope or fancy sinks,
Thy presence ever sunshine brings,
Bewitching Kitty Binks!

There's some that find supremest joy
Within the skating-rinks;
No Plimpton "rollers" charm me like
Thy dark, bright eyes, Kate Binks!

With form so light, and face so sweet,
'Twould melt the very Sphinx
To see her flitting to and fro,
Dear, graceful Kitty Binks!

There's many a bold and black-eyed girl
Who at me pouts or winks,
But anything so very wrong
You could not do, Kate Binks.

No! were a guardian o'er you placed,
As watchful as the lynx,
You ne'er could merit a reproof
For levity, Kate Binks!

I'd only like to see the man
Who dared to call you "minx"—
You would not need a champion
To seek fair Kitty Binks!

So if a rude word o'er is said
(Through beer or other drinks),
Just bear in mind there's always one
Will see you right, Kate Binks.

In literature, your taste extends
From Shakespere down to Ginx,
Of whose dear little "Baby" you
Have no doubt read, Kate Binks.

But still I would not place you dear
Among perfection's pinks—
I'd not a "faultless monster" make
Of laughing Kitty Binks!

I've stood on many a dang'rous place,
By precipices—brinks—
But never tumbled head o'er heels
Till first I saw Kate Binks!

If any one should doubt my words,
Pray tell me what he thinks,
After he's once brought face to face
With charming Kitty Binks!

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE Manchester Courier exposed, on Friday last, one of the most disgraceful hoaxes ever perpetrated in Manchester. A town's meeting was held in the Town Hall in reference to the new Grammar School scheme, on Thursday, and strange to say, if the Courier is to be believed, half the persons who were present were paid one shilling each for their attendance.

We believe the following will be found a solution to the mystery:—

SCENE.—The Town Hall steps, Thursday morning. Alderman WILLERT, Alderman NICHOLLS, and several city councillors, conversing together.

Alderman Willert. Ah, I thought Sir Joseph would be late in getting to business this morning. He kept it up pretty late last night.

Alderman Nicholls. Always does when he goes to a party.
Councillor William Birch. He'll be frightfully dry—in his temper—this morning. Oh! here comes his cab.

Sir JOSEPH alights, and whispers to the cabman.

Cabman. Oh, no, you don't! The last time I brought somebody who said he was the Mayor here, he said the same thing, and I never got my fare.

Sir Joseph. Hush! For goodness' sake! don't let everybody know.

Cabman. Well, really, if you are the Mayor of the city, as you say you are, the Town Clerk upstairs will lend you a shilling.

Sir Joseph. Well, I'll just see. [*Walks up the steps.*] I say, Willert, just a word in your ear. Can you lend me a shilling? I mislaid my purse last night.

Alderman Willert. Couldn't for the world; left mine on the piano this morning for fear I spend too much.

Sir Joseph. Do you think Nicholls could?

Alderman Willert. Am sure he couldn't, for I heard him begging all round a short time ago.

Sir Joseph. Well, this is a go. Will anybody lend me a shilling?

A Gentleman [unknown]. I will, Sir Joseph, on one condition.

Sir Joseph. Name it.

A Gentleman [still unknown]. That you attend the meeting upstairs, and vote against whichever side the Tories take.

Sir Joseph. Agreed! and I'll bring all the hard-up aldermen and members of the City Council with me at the same price. Now, cabby, here's your fare.

A Gentleman [unknown]. I must put this down under the head of sundries in the Grammar School accounts.

HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

SCENE.—A Cab, in Hyde Road. One Little Henpeck on the box, three more inside the vehicle, also Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck and Mrs. Motherington, who speaks.

WELL, here we are, all comfortable at last. Really, Claude, if you cannot keep your knees to yourself you had better —. *It's the children?* Oh, of course it's the children; the poor little dears can never come out for a day's enjoyment—now, Harry, if you tread on my toes again I shall box your ears. Yes, I say, you men never think of any one's enjoyment but your own. I should like to know where you were all those three hours, Mr. Henpeck, when we were left all alone in a crowd of tipsy wretches, not but what I believe you're much better than the rest. I know, if I were a man, I —. *You went to look for Willy, who was lost?* Oh, of course you did, and we never saw you again till the fireworks were over, and we had to get a common policeman to find the darling child; and a pretty thing it is for a child of his age to witness such scenes. *Why did I insist on bringing him?* That's always your way. I know you hate me, because I am fond of your children, and like to give them innocent enjoyment. I'm sure you would be glad if I never entered the house again. If you look at me in that way I shall stop the cab. *You didn't look at me at all?* Now, it's no use being sulky like that. I know that you would rather look at anybody but me, or dear Emma, or the darlings; and after the mean extravagance of not getting two cabs, so that I am actually scrouged so I can't get at my pocket handkerchief. *You would if you had known?* If you had known what, sir, I should like to know? You mean if you hadn't wanted to spend ever so many shillings at the bar talking to that young person, and I don't know who else. I saw you —. *I said that I never saw you after Willy was lost?* And what if I did, sir, can't a woman speak? I say that the atmosphere of the cab is positively unpleasant with the smell of spirits. *You didn't drink any spirits?* Well, you drank beer, which is a low, vulgar taste; and I should like to know how many glasses of it it would take to reduce a man to the state you are in. *You only had one glass?* Oh, you admit that, do you! That shows what you have brought your constitution to, that one glass should have such an effect upon you; and just for the sake of enjoying one paltry glass of beer you must go and desert the wife of your bosom, and her dear relations, and your own children, with bad language as plenty as rocket-sticks. I am sure I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed, and the terror I was in, not for myself. *It was I that proposed going, and I asked you to go and look for the child?* Now, if this

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

wouldn't provoke a saint, though I don't profess to be one, far from it. What are you muttering at? Speak out like a man, though I know it will be an insult. Whenever we go out to get a day's pleasure you are sure to destroy the recollection of all the pleasure we have had—and it isn't often we do get any pleasure—by your horrid temper. I believe that the Devil takes possession of some men. What do you say? *You don't believe in the Devil?* Oh, that my child should be wedded to an atheist! Yes, sir, an atheist. I believe you agree with that profane wretch who tried to prove that that monkey that destroyed my best bonnet was one of the ancestors of the human race. I shall be only glad when my dear Emma's health will permit me to leave the house. *There's nothing the matter with her now?* Much you know about it; but I know what you mean; but no, sir, I shall not go. [Here the cab stopped, and I may remark that she kept her resolution. Lest the reader should have a poor opinion of me, as a weak or pusillanimous person, I may say that they don't know Mrs. Motherington sufficiently to be competent to advance an opinion. As to my Emma, the only cause of regret that I have ever had since I married her is that she was not an orphan. On this occasion she was unaccountably quiet, and for half an hour never opened her mouth.—C. H.]

THE DEAN AND THE DISSENTERS.

THE Dean of Manchester has the merit of having discovered, or at least of advertising, a new "short and easy method with Dissenters." Taking a hint from the Apostle's prescription as to the treatment of the Devil, he advises his brethren to "resist them." If he supposes that the promise which is given to the sturdy resister of the enemy of mankind will, in his application of it, be fulfilled, we suspect that in this case he has reckoned without his Nonconformist. To be sure, Mr. Cowie recommends in the case of Nonconformist wrong-doers, excepting such as, in his opinion, "bring in abominable heresies," that they should, "if honest and sincere" (thus is his charity limited indefinitely), be treated with courtesy, calmness, and temperance. Would not the Dean extend the same chivalrous bearing to His Satanic Majesty? Even for him the large-souled peasant poet of Scotland—but he was heterodox—had a feeling of compassion, as expressed in the well-known stanza in which we vow we do not know whether the pathetic or the humorous predominates:—

Then fare ye weel, auld Nickie-Ben!
Maybe ye'll tak a thocht an' men!
Ye aiblins nicht;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

Does the Dean think less of Nonconformists than Burns did of the Devil? Some hard things were said of Moody and Sankey when they were in Manchester, but never anything so hard as what is now reported of the Dean, who blames the Church of England (we presume that he refers to the bishops of the Church) that they had not tried "them that say they are apostles, and are not, and have found them liars." We sincerely thank the Dean for putting Nonconformist ministers and other esoteric professors in their proper position. It is, indeed, monstrous to find such men as Dr. Garrett, of Greenheys, and Mr. Gill, of Whalley Range, denying the "grace of their ordination," and "encouraging false teachers" by fraternising at the Christian Young Men's Institute with such "self-styled evangelists" as Dr. McKerrow, or Mr. Alexander Thomson, or Mr. McLaren. Have they not opportunity sufficient for the display of their effusive Christian charity in encouraging Dr. Marshall or Mr. Knox Little in self-sacrificing endeavours to bring the National Church, which in Manchester and Salford is fast lapsing into "pothouse Protestantism," back to the true Catholic faith? If they have money to subscribe, let them put it in the money-bags at St. John Baptist's or St. Alban's, to furnish the altars with lighted candles, and enrich the crosses with images of silver and gold! These "fraternising" brethren are in truth bringing the doctrine of Apostolic succession into disrepute. But what of the Established Church itself—of which, as an Establishment, the

Dean has recently announced himself the advocate—and which submits the "grace of ordination" even in the case of bishops to the caprice of prime ministers—Jewish or heathen, as the case might be—or other profane persons, such as Roman Catholics and Dissenters, who, to use the Dean's phrase, "sell souls." The Legislature does nothing to lash criminous clerks who, despite the "grace of ordination," have fallen into drunkenness and profligacy, while it discourages, snubs, and persecutes those devoted parish priests who make mistakes in matters of taste—such as converting the communion table into an altar, robing themselves in Eucharistic vestments, and aping the Romish system generally. Yet against this malversation of its powers by an erastian House of Commons the Dean can only protest, and as Nonconformist electors in some small degree are responsible for keeping him in order, we sincerely pity his sad case, and the hard-mouthed pertinacity with which he seems disposed vainly to kick against the pricks.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A POET?

[BY AN EXHAUSTED ONE.]

IN the course of my rambles I often have met
With the thoughtless observation,
"Oh, how I envy you folks who get
Your living by versification."

There are numbers of people who seem to suppose
That it's easy words to twist, hence
The popular notion that those who compose
Must lead a pleasant existence.

I should like to know what the folks would say
In praise of the occupation
Of writing verse by the yard, if they
For awhile had the situation.
'Tis a very fine thing, no doubt, to see
In print one's composition
For some, but the thing is a plague to me,
And I wish it at perdition.

When rhymes are plenty, and fancy flows
(A thing that occurs but seldom),
With easy reins my Pegasus goes,
And the hands can rest that held 'em;
But if, as usually is the case
With the writer—woe betide him—
His Pegasus vaults into empty space,
'Tis a difficult thing to ride him.

So when they observe "I wish that I
Could live by versification,"
I wish that they only just would try,
As a practical illustration.
They soon would find the mistake they've made,
And own that the poet's calling
Is certainly not the easiest trade,
But even a trifle galling.

LANCASHIRE v. YORKSHIRE, AT OLD TRAFFORD.

NINE wickets! where is your Lancashire county now?" Such was the triumphant explanation of a canny Yorkshireman about half-past five on Saturday afternoon. The Yorkshiremen had been doing their best to make the number ten instead of nine during the last hour, much to the discomfiture of the huge ring of spectators, who, for the most part, voted it very slow cricket as the two batsmen killed ball after ball, only scoring five runs in thirty minutes. Patient and active fielder, Mr. Hornby, during this tedious performance, became the point of gaze for thousands of eager eyes. Flitting about from place to place, always on the watch to save a run, now in the slips watching the bat like a cat watching a mouse, anon at point or mid-wicket, again at long off, "covering" more ground than any two ordinary cricketers would cover, and throwing his whole soul into a game which many players would have been almost justified in sauntering through as hopeless. Prettier cricket all round, from the scientific point of view, it would have been hard to imagine than the last hour of the Lancashire and Yorkshire match on Saturday. For, though Yorkshire went in with only seventeen runs to

in, still, what with the steady tactics of the batsmen, the excellence of the Lancashire bowling, and the splendid fielding exhibited by Mr. Hornby, which was cheered again and again, the game had all the appearance of a young contest, as yet doubtful in its issue. At last the left-handed batsman, Champion, retired from a shattered wicket, and the spectators were treated to a few glorious minutes of "leather hunting," culminating in the biggest hit of the match, which, though it only scored four, might have left a margin. After the loss of one wicket it seemed to dawn on the Yorkshire mind that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and that Fabian strategy might possibly still further detract from the now certain triumph.

From several points of view the match was a somewhat uninteresting one. Mr. Hornby was apparently the only man in the Lancashire team who was able to face the remarkable bowling strength of the Yorkshiremen, of whom every man is more or less a good bowler, even Pinder being able, as we heard a partisan proudly remark, "to do a bit." Mr. Hornby hit away merrily and fearlessly as of yore in both innings; but Barlow, who has on many occasions killed first-rate bowling as effectively as would a stone wall in front of the wicket, seemed to be under a spell in both his essays, and made, for him, a remarkably feeble display. Whether or not, to use schoolboy phraseology, "a link was established" among the rest it is not for us to say, but certain it is that a team which on paper is a very strong batting one made a very disastrous exhibition indeed. It is true that Yorkshire did not make anything remarkable in the way of a score, but the almost limitless fielding of Lancashire could hardly make up for the fatal inferiority in bowling reserve which the one county displayed to the other. There are some matches wherein one change bowler might be made to suffice, but when against the three of Lancashire could be balanced seven or eight on the other side, all adepts in the handling of the ball, the reflection cannot help occurring that Lancashire have been defeated purely in a bowler's match. Thanks are due to the clerk of the weather for the opportune day's deluge on Friday, which prevented the match being brought to a close on that day, thus enabling thousands of people to witness it on Saturday. By-the-by—talking of thousands of people—could not some better arrangements be made in the refreshment department than those existing? The crowding and struggling, and totally deficient accommodation in the hovel set apart for the purpose, are nothing else than a disgrace, considering the amount of money which must be made. Surely, on a ground frequented by thousands of people, it is a scandal that one should be nearly wedged to death in the struggle to obtain a glass of lukewarm beer in a dirty or half-rinsed glass, or to get a dubious thumb-marked sandwich on a greasy plate.

THE THEATRES.

"A FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," hackneyed as it is, affords a very pleasing contrast to that hideous opera "La Perichole," which was produced last week at the Prince's. "La Perichole" is an unhappy combination of the grossest indelicacy and the most complete dulness; "Madame Angot," especially as performed this week, is neither indelicate as a general rule, nor on the whole dull. The music is always acceptable, especially in such weather as we have at present, when theatre-going is at best but a listless diversion. Miss Pattie Laverne and Miss Bessie Sudlow, in the characters of *Clairette* and *Lange* respectively, are both fairly amusing, though these characters, being both of them built for French actors and French audiences, are altogether impossible to be properly rendered by English artistes. Under such circumstances it is a pity that the ladies mentioned should not throw aside entirely the mercenary traditions which are associated with their rôles, and give us purely English versions of them, uncontaminated with body-swayings, and gestures which are incomplete without French immodesty and double entendre. Miss Bessie Sudlow, as far as we can gather from the present

performance, appears to be a graceful and capable actress, while Miss Pattie Laverne has already gained a favourable verdict. The male portion of the *caste* calls for no special comment, save that there is throughout a lamentable lack of spirit. Mr. Mervyn's fun seems for the time to have evaporated; and a good deal of the business is conducted in such a solemn fashion as to be suggestive rather of mutes at a funeral than of comic characters. The mounting is as usual faultless.

At the Queen's, a play called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," turning on the woes and eccentricities of negroes and planters, is being produced. It is said to be a dramatic version of a work by Mrs. Stowe. The people at the Queen's seem to enjoy this play mightily, what with weeping and laughing, which may be taken as a test of its success at that theatre. There is some new and remarkable scenery, the unexpected sight of which brings down the house. Mr. Herwyn, as of yore, is the hero of the occasion, and is ably backed up by Mr. Harry Collier and others. There is a little girl, apparently of tender years, who is also greeted with enthusiasm. Her name is Miss Janet Banks; she is specially engaged, and plays the part of *Era St. Clair* in an unaffected manner. Miss Pauline Banks, apparently of still tenderer years, performs *Harry*, the child of *Eliza*, in as grotesque a manner as the character will allow; while Miss F. M. Clarke, whom we can congratulate on the progress she is making in her profession, plays *Eliza* with considerable force and pathos.

The delightful series of plays which has been running lately at the Royal concludes this week, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale having returned to the assistance of Mr. Compton. Next week we are to have Miss Nellie Farren and the clever low comedian, Mr. Anson, in that rather farcical piece, "Young Rip Van Winkle."

AN AFTERNOON'S FISHING.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

WHENEVER people begin, as is their absurd wont, to pitch into the pastime of angling, I pity their stupidity, for I am an angler myself. It is common to say that fishing is dull and tedious, and when a man is known to be going out for a day's sport, to lie in wait for that angler's return, and ask him what he has done with the fish he has caught, and hint that he has caught none, and quote some stupid saying of Napoleon or Dr. Johnson hatched in the brain of some one stupider than the quoters. I repeat that I am an angler, and being told the other day that there was mighty good fishing and store of big trout in a reservoir a few miles out of town, I determined to go to that reservoir and catch some of those fish on a certain Saturday afternoon. Some of those fish, I say, I had caught in my mind's eye, as every good angler does before he starts afishing, and I had already settled in the aforesaid mind how I should dispose of those trouts. There is nothing in the way of fish nicer to eat than a fresh-caught trout, only it should be kept on the cold stones until the time for eating it, and not dabbled at all with water. It is best of all to cook those trouts on the bank, Australian fashion, making a fire for the purpose, which is easily done. To that end I took with me a copy of the *Manchester Courier*—not to light the fire with, oh dear, no, nor yet to read either, though there is very entertaining reading in the *Courier*. Did you read all those stories the other day about the Radical dodge of hiring men at a shilling a head to vote at the Grammar School? It was enough to curdle the milk of human kindness in the breast of every true Tory, and change it into blue ink, indeed it was. You see I am supposed to be reading my *Courier* in the train, for I am now off. Mrs. Clarkson, who has been in a flutter all the morning, has been scouring the largest frying-pan, I know, for as I was preparing my fackie in the morning the slavey came in to bring me my boots, and got tangled up with the casting line, and walked out into the kitchen with three hooks sticking in her stocks, and four yards of silkworm gut twisted about her ankles. I followed her out into the back kitchen to reclaim those articles, and took that and the frying-pan together as a

good omen. It was a troublesome job, though, disentangling that slavey, and the hooks could not be got out without cutting holes in her stockings. But one good thing came of it, she is very careful now when she goes in and out of my room, she always walks as if there were a snare in the hearthrug and a pitfall in the spittoon, and for several days after that occurrence she did not come in at all. In fact, it was not until cleaning-day came round that she summoned courage to venture in there, and then something happened which cured her for ever of curiosity at the expense of some damage to my tackling, and a severe blowing up which I got from Mrs. Clarkson. The latter lady gave me the particulars. I happened to have forgotten that it was cleaning-day, and had left my rod and landing net and basket in the corner of the room. Now, the slavey going in and hunting about, after the nature of her tribe, for something to eat or drink which the lodger might have left behind, opened the lid of my fishing-basket. She must have been actuated partly by pure curiosity, because first of all she took out my reel and began winding it the wrong way, and biting the line to see if it was strong enough to hold a big fish, and she made the line into such a mess that it took me an hour and much cursing to disentangle it. Then she opened my fly-book, and immediately got one of the hooks into her fingers, and cut it out with the scissors which were in the book, for I saw the blood when I came home. After these experiments she found about half a pound of cobblers' wax and a piece of indiarubber, which she took in view of the contingency of future starvation. If you want to know what cobblers' wax and indiarubber have got to do with the catching of trouts you are no angler, and the information would be no use to you. That cobblers' wax and that indiarubber being secreted, there remained in the basket a tin box which, doubtless in the maid's fancy, contained some choice edible substance consumed by anglers in the intervals of the fishes' bites. I will give the sequel in the words of Mrs. Clarkson: "Them nasty beasts was a crolin' all around and all hover the place, and as for touchin' of 'em, and it have took four hours of extra labour to make things decent, and even now I shudders and feels creepy, for who knows where they may be, and such things doesn't happen to decent people, Mr. Fogie. Fishing, indeed! A lot of fish you catch; I've never seed as much as the blessed tail of one; and if you must keep such things, you must put them in the dog-kennel outside." For when I came home that day, thinking I could go fishing again the next, I found my rod and tackle and basket transported to the back-yard. Two joints of the rod were broken, and altogether it took me a week for repairs. However, as I was saying as I sat in the train, I thought of the slavey and the holes in her stockings and the frying —.

THE MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

WE are glad to know that a charter is being applied for to convert Owens College into the University of Manchester. It will probably be beneath the dignity of a university to follow any longer the boarding-school practice of calling the pupils up name by name and distributing to them prizes in the shape of a few good books. Probably, too, the Principal then will have something more important on his hands than to draw up a pamphlet containing the names of all the boys who have gained small distinctions at the upper universities of London, Cambridge, and Oxford—such as B.Ses.—or at any rate he will forbear reading over to the last paragraph the dreary catalogue which every listener has in print before him. The windy report, and the tiresome procession of good boys going up to receive their prizes, are alike a weariness to the flesh, and we never attend a meeting at Owens College without wishing that the students were a trifle less long-suffering. Another advantage of abolishing the prize system would be to save the professors the painful attempts at being humorous, which are deemed necessary on their part in introducing the head boys in their different classes. The great joke of the present year was that in next examinations bad marks will be given for bad penmanship. Probably it is a secret to some of the young men at Owens that the reason why none of their revered professors' contributions have hitherto appeared in the *Jackdaw* is that the editor cannot tolerate bad calligraphy.

CLARET AT THREE-HALFPENCE PER GLASS.

[BY OUR OWN CONNOISSEUR ON THE EXCHANGE.]

SINCE my return from a short tour on the continent—or *continuing*, as some of my friends who are given to chaffing me will pronounce it—I have taken exclusively to the drinking of claret. Usually, at the Reform Club and the best Manchester and Salford hotels, I can get this light and wholesome beverage good, but the price as compared with what I paid in the Medoc district is monstrous. Be that as it may, a few days ago it was my unlucky hap to penetrate, in the company of a friend, into the shady regions of Upper Brook Street—a locality singularly destitute of good public-houses—and there had to pay sixpence for an ordinary wine glass of very ordinary *Vin Ordinaire*, which had been over-kept in a damp cellar. Was it not disgusting? On Tuesday, however, being in the lowest spirits after a disagreeable hour on High 'Change, I rushed, on leaving the mart, to the nearest wine-shop, *La Andalusia*, in Half Moon Street, and there obtained a refreshing glass of excellent red wine, or "Spanish claret," as it is called, for three-halfpence! It had a most pleasing bouquet, and a quality thoroughly refreshing—an admirable dinner wine. Do you believe me? If you don't, go and try for yourself. To-day I have drunk a quart for a shilling, and if you desire it you may have a gallon for four. *Santa Maria!* Blessed be her name!

MR. COMPTON'S BENEFIT.

THE novelty at the Royal this week was the production of "The Poor Gentleman," on the occasion of Mr. Compton's benefit. We were glad to see such an excellent house—such an unexpectedly good performance—and so many of our friends and contributors so happily enjoying themselves. Sir John Iles Mantell sat in judgment on the piece, in the front row of the dress-circle, and passed a favourable verdict; while Mr. W. Scott Brown, in the stalls, led off the laughter at *Dr. Ollapod's* jokes concerning "Galenicals." Two points in the acting were inimitable—Compton's *Ollapod* and Mr. Chippendale's exquisite performance of *Sir Robert Bramble*. The scene before the duel (in which Mr. Chippendale was ably supported by Mr. Tearle as *Frederick*) was one of the finest bits, not of acting, but of true human nature we have ever seen, and touched the house so deeply that the display of cambric and wet eyes would have almost have led us to suppose, could our gaze have been averted from the stage, that Miss Bateman was agonising in "Mary Warner." The occasion derived added interest from the first appearance in Manchester of Miss Compton, whom for her father's sake, and her own winning and modest grace, the *Jackdaw* cordially welcomes. The speech in which she was introduced by Mr. Compton was racy and neat, and above all things admirably delivered. It is only due to Mr. Compton to contradict the rumour that it was written for him in the *Jackdaw* office by the "Old Fogie."

THE Lacrosse players at Longsight, on Tuesday and Wednesday, met with a great success, and were evidently well pleased with their reception. Could the Canadian gentlemen form themselves into a company limited, there is little doubt that this manly game would soon become very popular.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. *Hands up for a Shilling.*—The matter is not worth making a bob-berry about. *Occasional Papers, No. 1.*—Do not be vexed if we decline. Look at the matter philosophically, and reflect that you can exercise a material influence on the fluctuations of the waste-paper trade, and then send No. 2 if you like. *Wickerwork Coffins.*—The waste-paper basket will receive your MS., at all events. *A Disgusted Conservative.*—A very commendable frame of mind; but you are not skilled in composition. *A Logical Test, A. M.*—Logic is not testy; but we must decline argument on the subject. *An Old Free Grammar School Boy.*—We should judge so from the freedom of your grammar. *Jack Ducie.*—As you say, there is not a humorist on our staff at present. The average of humour is indeed so low that we cannot afford to reduce it by offering you a stimulus. *Received.*—"The Fight for the Legacy."

LONGSIGHT CRICKET CLUB.

THE ANNUAL MATCH

In Aid of the Funds of the WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' ORPHAN SCHOOLS will be

PLAYED at LONGSIGHT, TO-MORROW, Saturday, JULY 1,

BETWEEN

MANCHESTER AND LONGSIGHT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS, THE BAND OF THE 7TH ROYAL HUSSARS WILL BE PRESENT.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

AT

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HOUSES COMPLETELY FURNISHED FROM £10 TO £60.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JEWELLERY,

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Ladies and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts.

CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE

FROM THE VERY BEST MAKERS.

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A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

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The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

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THE CELEBRATED
YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

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The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1/2d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

Dr. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public; it contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestive. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

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SHOULD BE USED BY EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THOUSANDS CAN TESTIFY TO THEIR INVALUABLE QUALITIES AS THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE KNOWN

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fulness after meals, Faintness, Heartburn, Consumption, Gravel, Foul Breaths, Loss of Appetite, Scurvy, Rashes of the Skin, Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate complaints. Sold by all Chemists throughout the world, in boxes, 6d., 1s. 1/2d., and 2s. 6d. each. Sole Proprietors: C. Nuttall and Sons, Bacup, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and Liver Pills.

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FRAGRANT LIQUID DENTRIFICE makes the teeth beautifully white, sweetens the breath, and produces a pleasant froth in the mouth. One trial of this delicious dentrifice will ensure permanent patronage. Powders and Pastes should be avoided, as they scratch the enamel, and cause the teeth to decay.

Opinions of the Press on the "Paragon":—"The *Figaro* says: 'Possesses many valuable qualities . . . and cleanses and whitens the teeth while preventing discoloration and the accumulation of Tartar.' The *Court Journal* says: 'Its excellent flavour cannot fail to please . . . and should meet with extensive patronage from the elite.' Sold in bottles, at 1s. and 2s. 6d., by chemists and perfumers throughout the world. Sole Proprietor, J. H. BOWEN, 91, Wigmore Street London W.

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A certain preventive against convulsions, inflammation of the gums, fevers, &c., &c. Prepared from the receipt of Dr. John Green, M.R.C.S.E., late parochial surgeon and public vaccinator under the Government Poor Law Board.

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FIFTEEN years' trial has proved the efficacy of this preparation for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least pain or injury to the skin; price 3s. 6d. and 6s. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 6d. extra; money orders or stamps. Numerous testimonials can be seen (if required) as to its efficacy.—**HAIR CURLING FLUID.** Fifteen years' trial has proved the efficacy of this fluid as a certain preparation for curling ladies and gentlemen's hair; it improves and purifies the human hair, and is natural in its effect. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; family bottles, 10s. 6d.—**LUXURIANT HAIR, EYEBROWS, and WHISKERS** produced in a few weeks by the use of the well-known **HAIR PRODUCER.** Price 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; sent free, with directions. Wholesale Agents: Barclay and Sons, London; Raines and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., York; Oldham and Co., Dublin. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by **JOHN BLAKE, 8, Malmesbury Square, Park Road, Pockham, London.**

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 GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION
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 GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

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WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA, STANDS UNRIVALLED.

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ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

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VIII.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

[JUNE 30, 1876.]

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12s. PER DOZEN.

At this price we supply a sound, wholesome Bordeaux Wine, which will keep and improve in bottle for years if required.

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We offer a large Stock, well matured, in bottle, at 16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s. per Dozen.

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